

POLICE

JANUARY No. 38

COMICS 10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Learn MAGIC Overnight!

**BE THE MOST
POPULAR
FELLOW
IN THE
CROWD**

Imagine, yourself in the center of a packed group of your friends. All are hushed, their eyes fastened on you and on the table at your side. Your hands pass lightly over the table . . . and before the unbelieving eyes of your admiring audience THE TABLE SLOWLY RISES BY ITSELF AND SEEMS TO FLOAT IN THE AIR.

The room rocks with applause. "How did he do it?" they gasp in wonder. And how did he do the dozens upon dozens of other magical stunts that people the world over have always wished they knew? The Dancing Handkerchief trick . . . The Disappearing Handkerchief . . . The Phantom Wand . . . Rubbing One Dime Into Three . . . The Bottomless Glass . . . these and countless others? YOU CAN DO ALL OF THESE TRICKS AND MORE! More than that you can learn to do them quickly and perform them before your worshipping friends just as expertly as a great magician on the stage. Here is your way to popularity. Here is your chance to have your friends cluster closely around you wherever you go as you thrill and delight them with the wonder of magic.

MAGIC IS FUN was published for fellows just like you to enable you to learn, simply and quickly, this fascinating art. AND YOU DON'T NEED EXPENSIVE GADGETS to perform a single one of the mystifying tricks jam-packed into this great book. A few coins, a table, a glass, a few sticks, some playing cards, etc. . . these and similar "props" are all you need to become THE MOST POPULAR FELLOW IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, a Real-Honest-To-Life Magician!



WE GUARANTEE THAT YOU WILL BECOME A MAGICIAN OR YOUR MONEY BACK

MAGIC IS FUN can teach ANYBODY to become a magician. So sure are we of this great book that we make the following offer: If, after having read this book for ten days, you are not convinced that you will be able to perform every single trick contained in it, you may return it and your money will be promptly refunded.

MAGIC IS FUN COVERS EVERY TYPE OF TRICK PERFORMED BY THE AVERAGE MAGICIAN. Not only the sensational tricks that you see on the stage such as the Self-Rising Table, The Unending Handkerchief, The Bottomless Glass, The Watch which Stops and Goes on Command, The Hypnotized Wand, and dozens like them, but also all types of card tricks, coin tricks, etc. AND TO TOP IT OFF there are pages on How To Prepare Props, How to Sit a Room to Create an Air of Mystery, and How to Own the Gift of Professional " patter " which so enthral and amuses an audience.

Just a few more of the thrilling tricks in this great book:

- How to Make a Coin Vanish
- How to Produce a Handkerchief from an Empty Hand
- How to Tear a Cigarette and Restore It
- How to Palm a Coin
- Walnut Shells and Pea
- The Broken Match Trick
- The Magnetized Poker
- The Floating Hat
- The Climbing Ring
- and many, many more.

1.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

New Power Publications, Dep't. M5201
441 Lexington Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

Rush MAGIC IS FUN in plain wrapper. If, after reading it for 10 days, I am not convinced that I can perform these magic tricks, I may return it and you will promptly refund my money.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay the postman \$1.00

plus 28c postage and C.O.D. charges.

☐ I enclose \$1.00. New Power will pay all postage charges. (10 day guaranty the same).

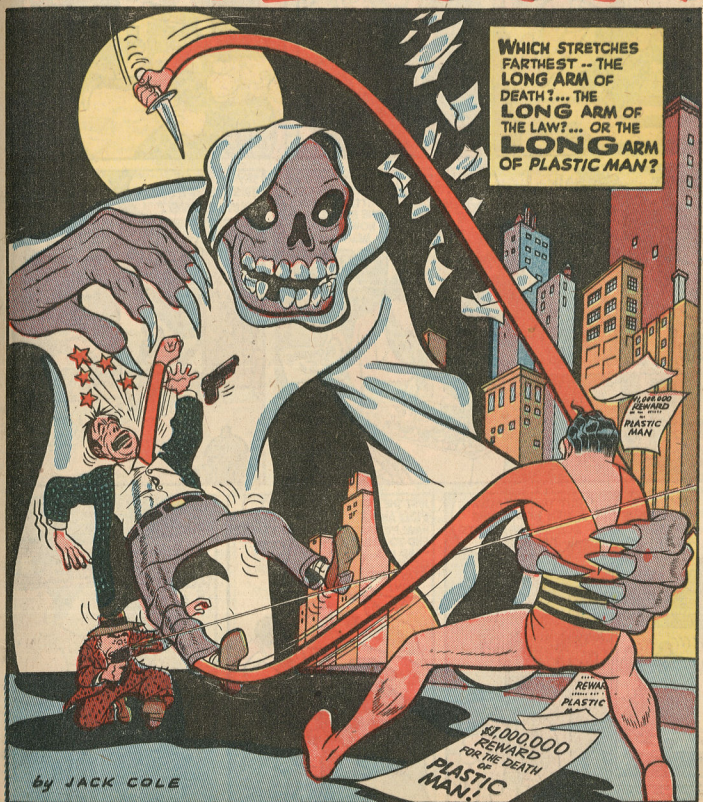
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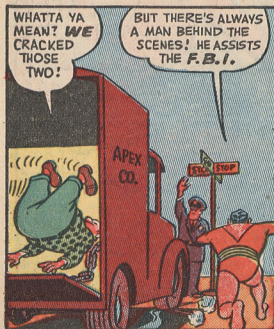
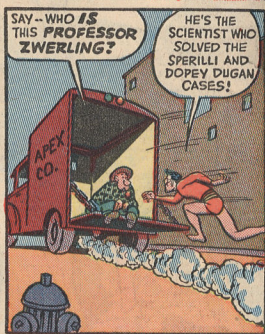
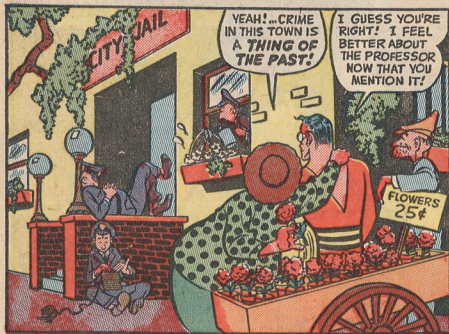
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PLASTIC MAN

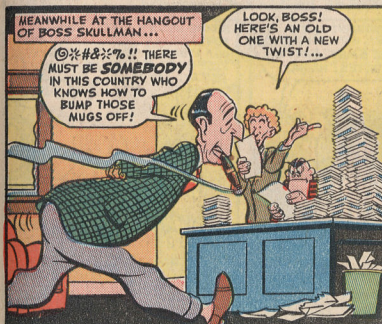
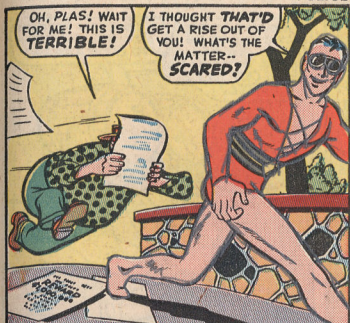
WHICH STRETCHES
FARTHEST -- THE
LONG ARM OF
DEATH?... THE
LONG ARM OF
THE LAW?... OR THE
LONG ARM
OF PLASTIC MAN?



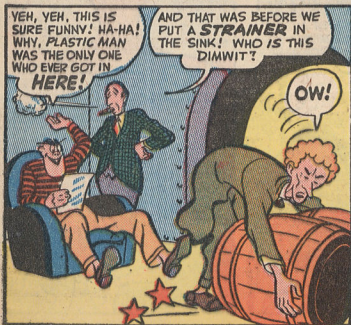
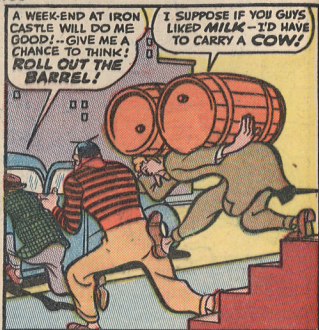
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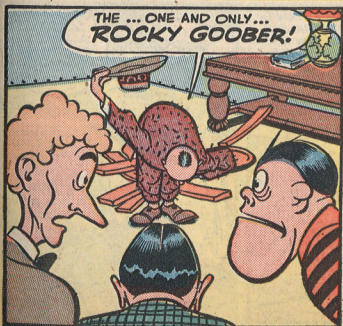
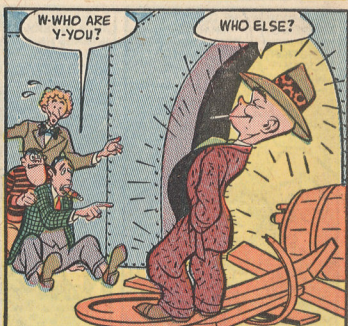
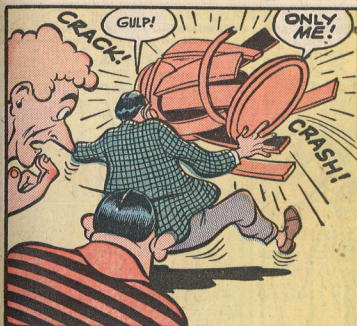
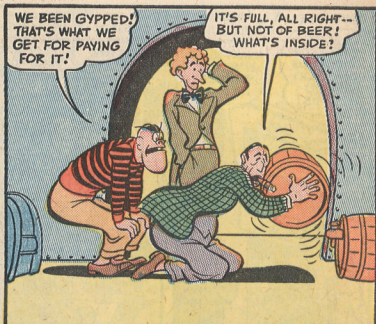
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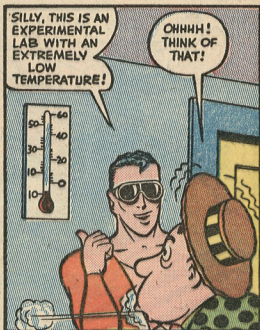


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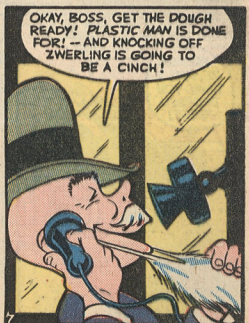
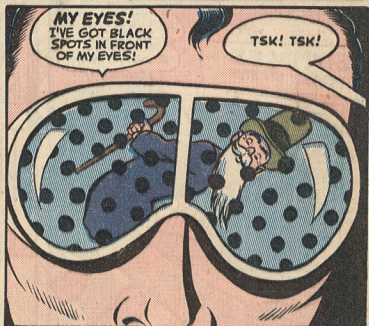
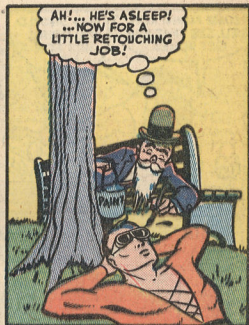


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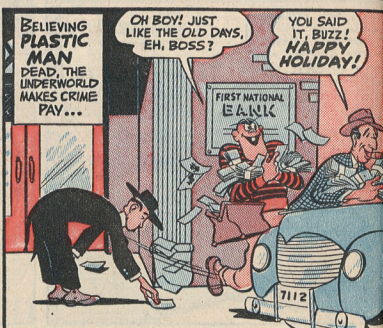
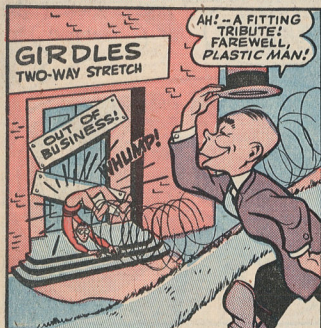
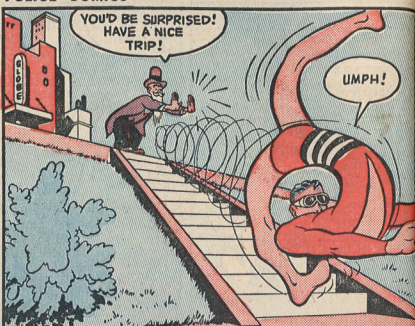




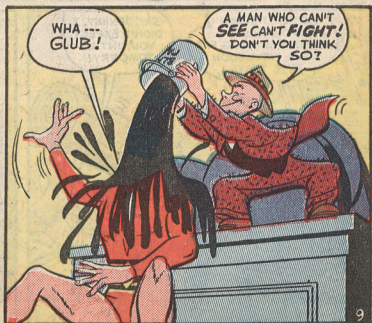
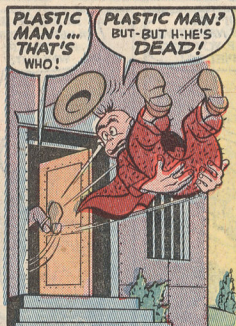
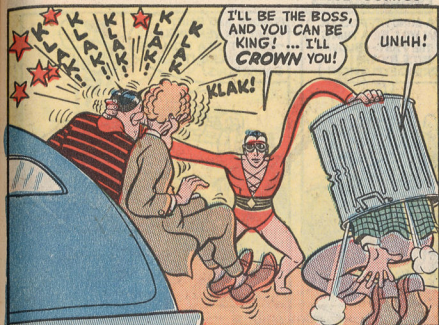
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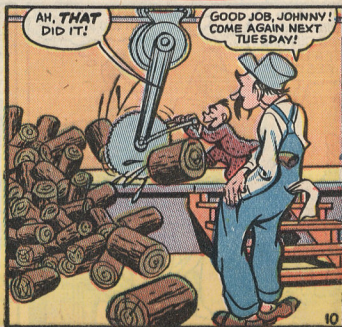
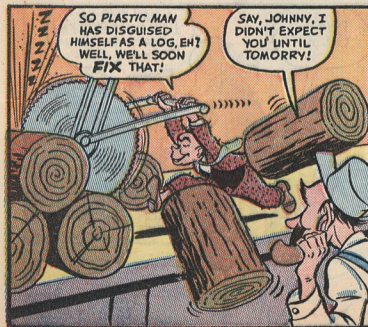
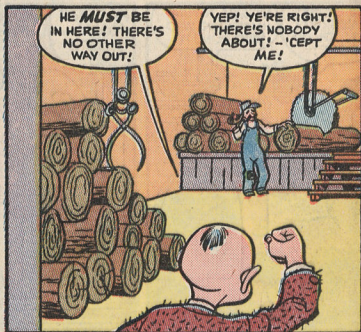
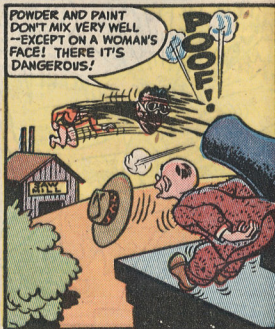
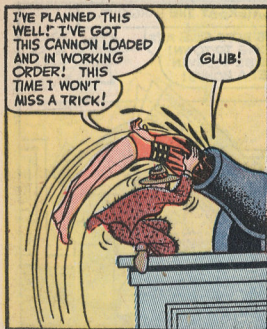
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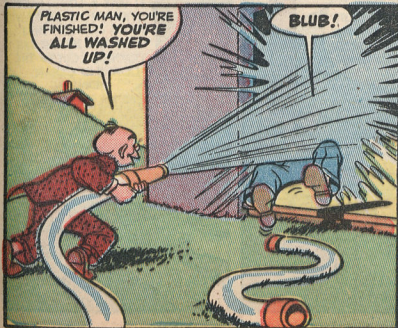
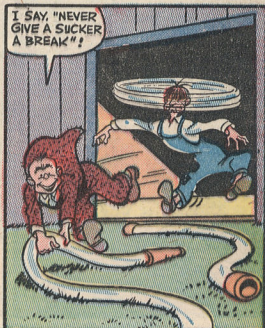
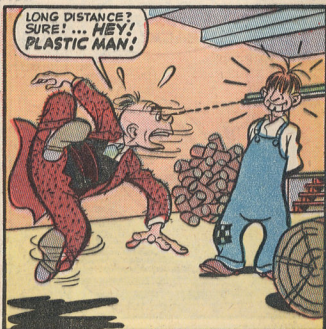
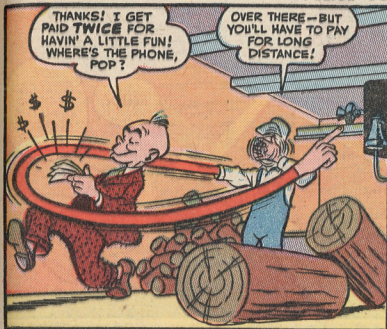
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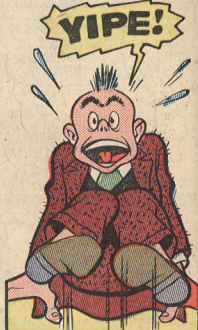
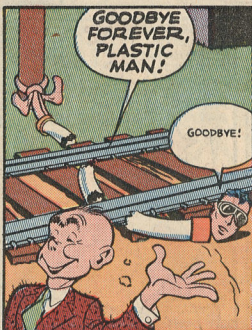
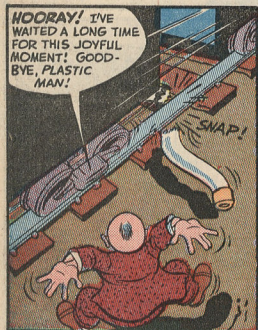
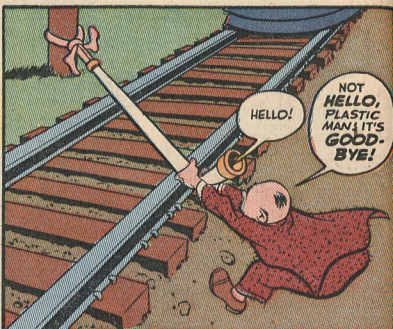


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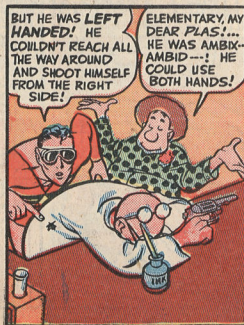
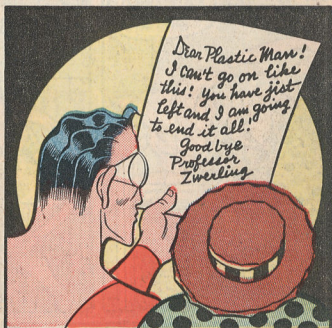
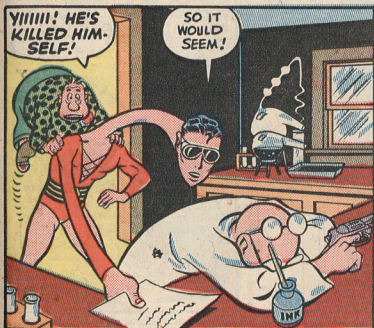


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BESIDES, PROFESSOR ZWERLING WASN'T THE TYPE TO WRITE SO LARGE AND CRUDELY! HE WOULDN'T MISSPELL SIMPLE WORDS! AND HANDWRITING EXPERTS CLAIM A DEPRESSED MAN WRITES **DOWNHILL--** NOT **UPHILL!**

HE WASN'T?... HE WOULDN'T?... THEY DO?

AND NOT ONLY THAT, BUT IF THE INK HAD BEEN IN THE LABORATORY EVER SINCE I LEFT, IT WOULD BE FROZEN STIFF IN THE LOW TEMPERATURE! FURTHERMORE, THE PROFESSOR ALWAYS WROTE IN PENCIL-- EVEN THOUGH HE CARRIED A FOUNTAIN PEN!

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR? DID YOU LOSE SOMETHING?

YOU MEAN-- PERHAPS **SOMEBODY ELSE DID IT?**

WOOLY, I WOULDN'T BE A BIT SURPRISED!

BUT--BUT **WHO?**

OBVIOUSLY A BUNGLING AMATEUR!

YEEOW! **ROCKY GOOBER!**

HOW DO YOU KNOW HIS NAME?

YOU CRUMB! I'VE FINALLY CAUGHT YOU! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE 1915!-- **--TAKE THIS!**

OINK!

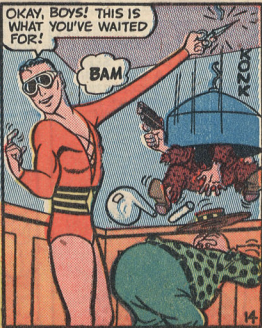
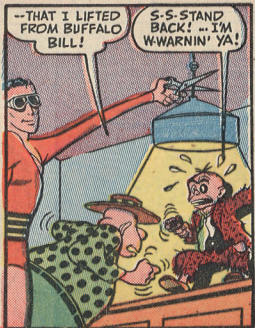
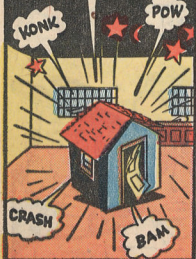
--WHEN YOU STOLE THAT GOLD WATCH--- **TAKE THAT!...**

--THAT I LIFTED FROM BUFFALO BILL!

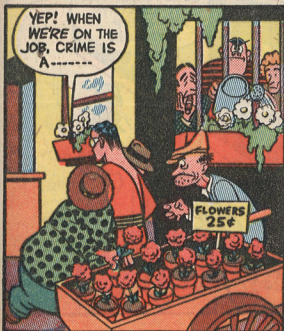
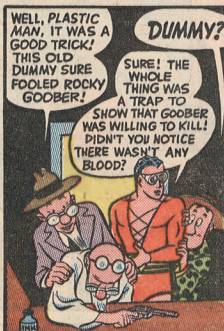
S-S-STAND BACK! ...I'M W-WARNIN' YA!

OKAY, BOYS! THIS IS WHAT YOU'VE WAITED FOR!

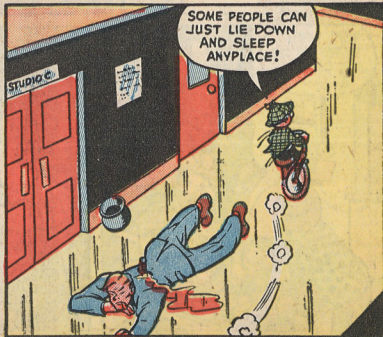
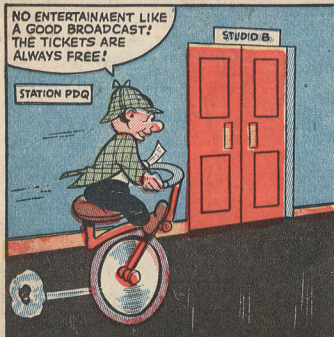
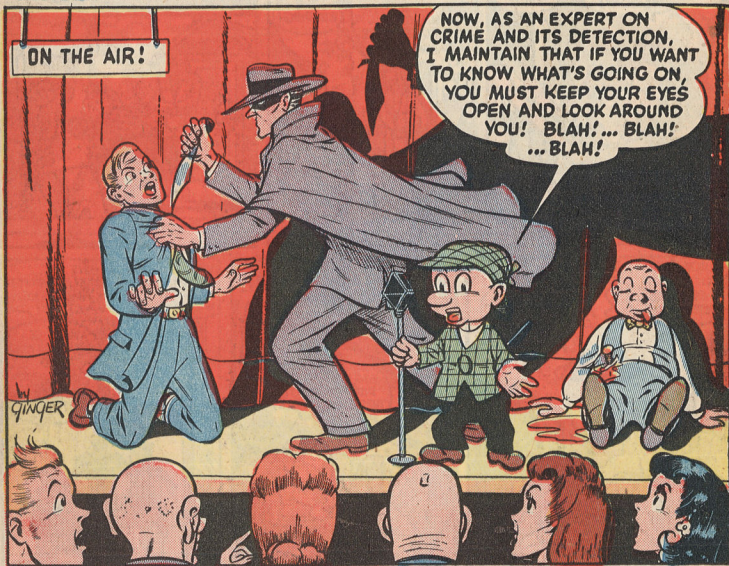
BAM

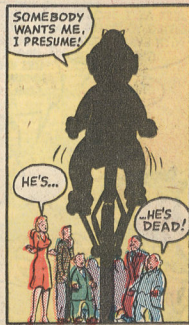
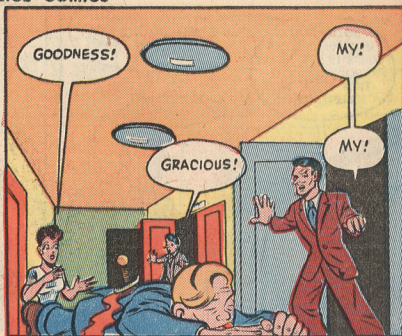
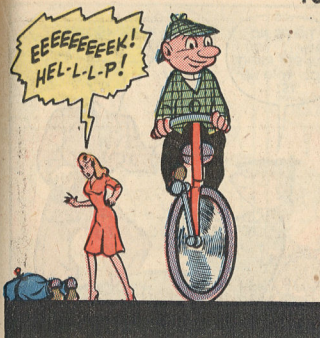


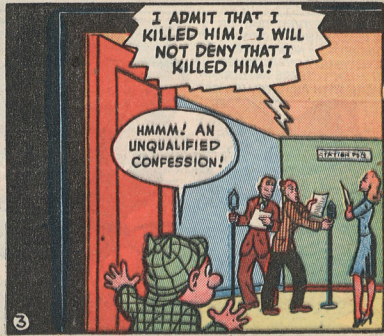
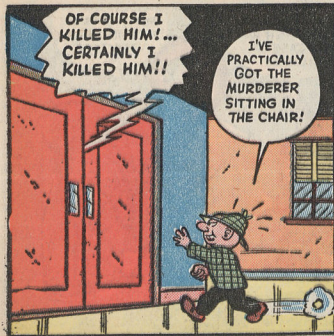
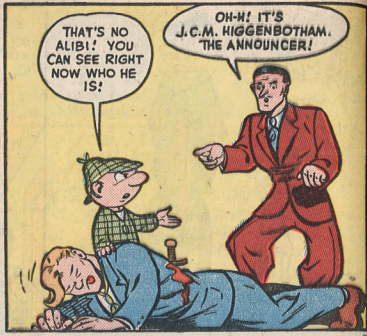
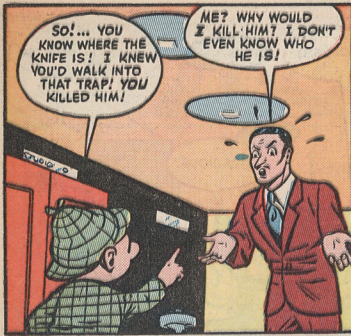
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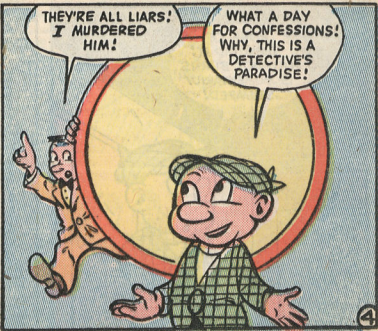
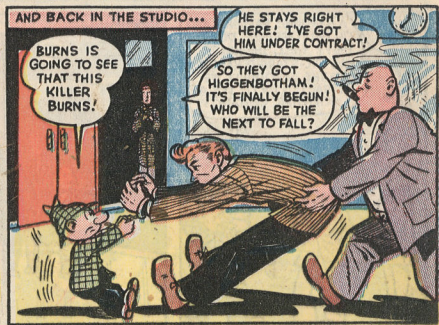
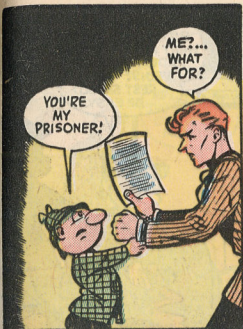


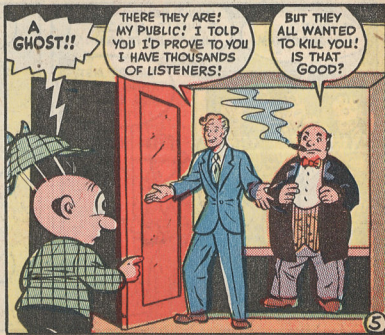
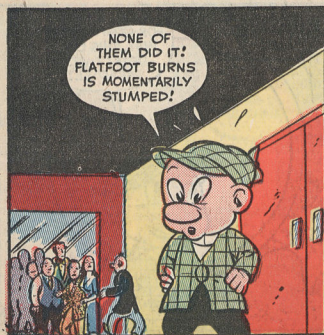
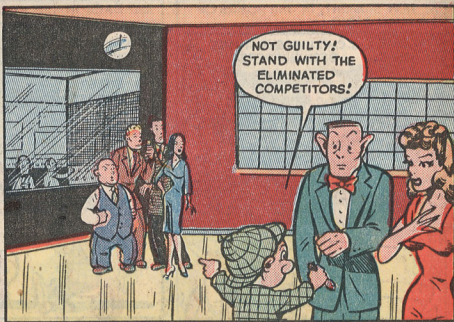
FLATFOOT BURNS



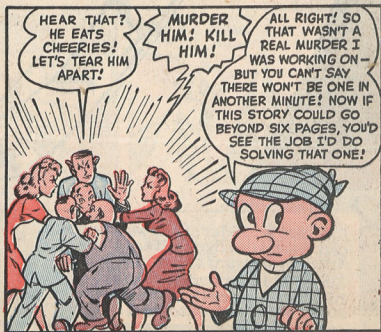
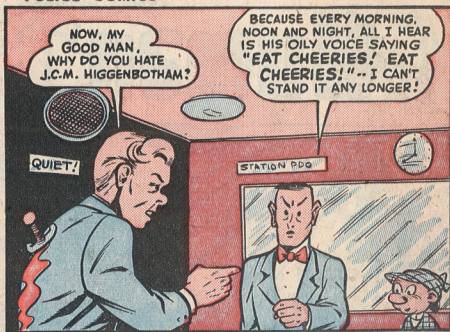




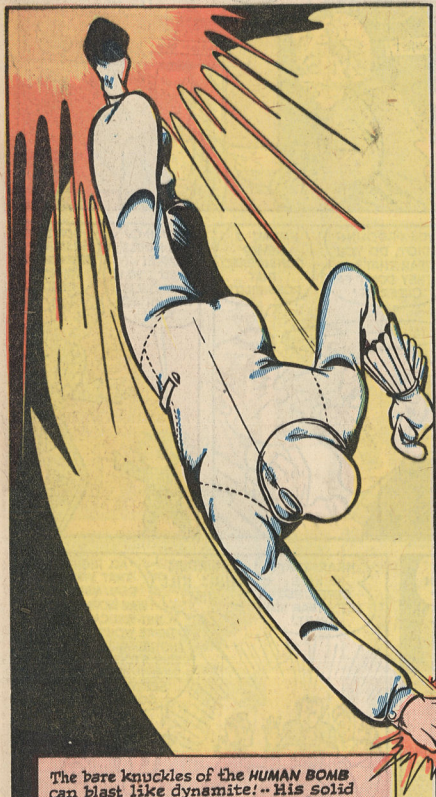




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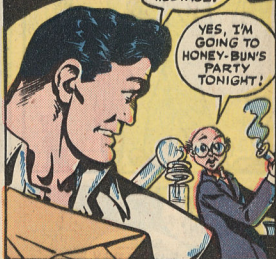


The Human BOMB



The bare knuckles of the **HUMAN BOMB** can blast like dynamite!... His solid armor can ward off any attack!... But what if he comes face to face with his own likeness? ... That's the strange story we're about to tell!

A PACKAGE JUST ARRIVED FROM A COSTUME COMPANY -- FOR YOU, MUSTACE!



YES, I'M GOING TO HONEY-BUN'S PARTY TONIGHT!

IT'S A MASQUERADE BALL! AND I'M GOING AS YOU -- THE **HUMAN BOMB**!



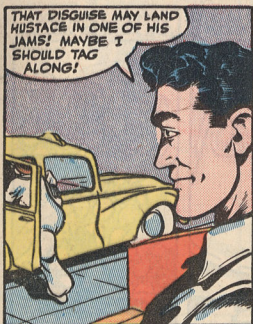
Others plan to attend the affair...

I KNOW THERE'LL BE LOTSA JEWELRY AMONG HONEY-BUN'S GUESTS. COFTY! BUT HOW WE GONNA GET IN?

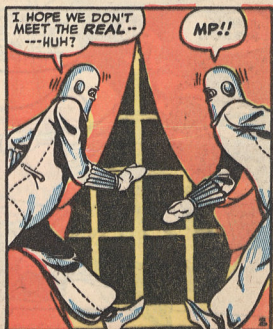
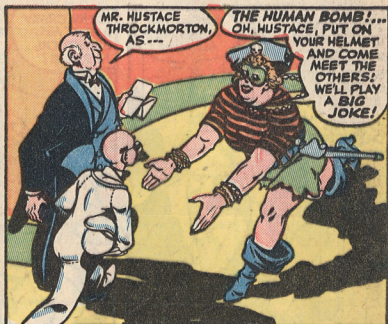
I GOT COSTUMES AND FORGED INVITATIONS FOR US!



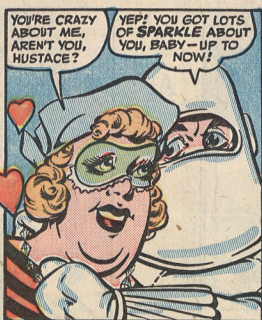
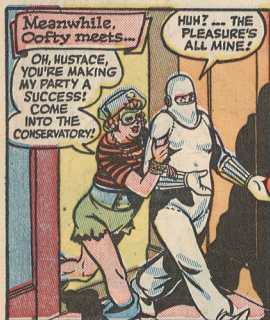
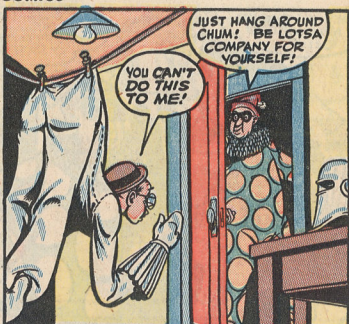
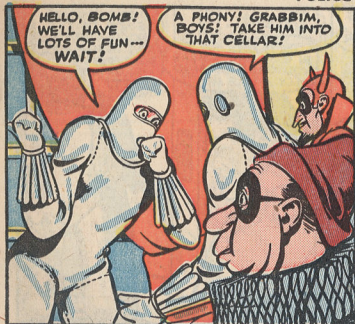
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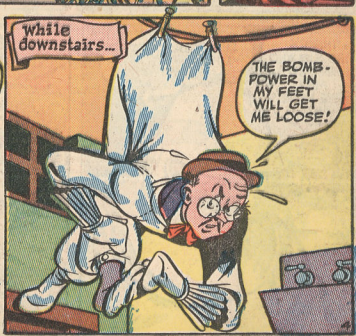
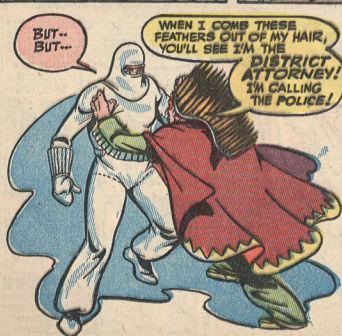
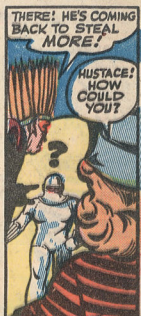
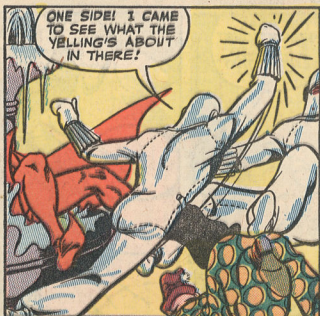
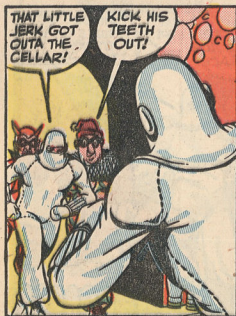
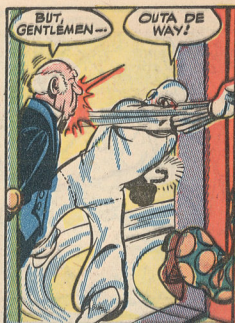
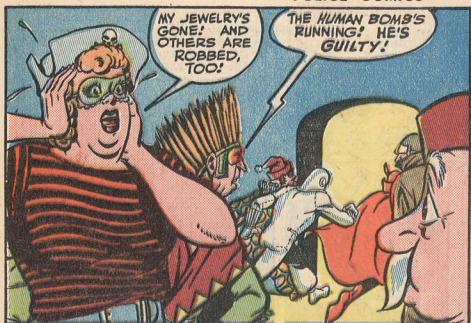
At
Honey.
Bun's.
Party...



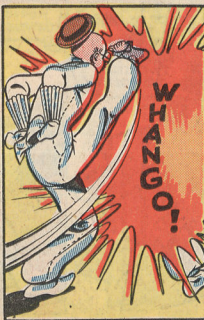
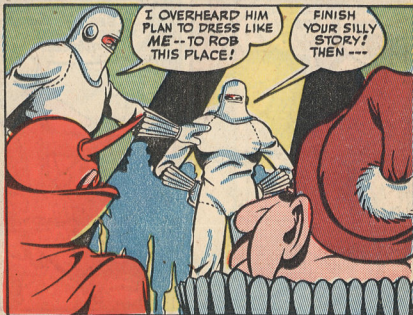
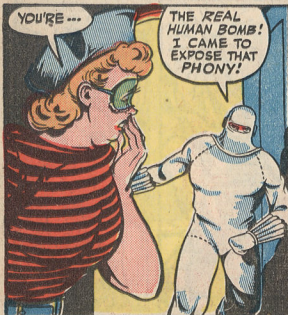
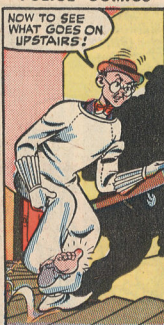
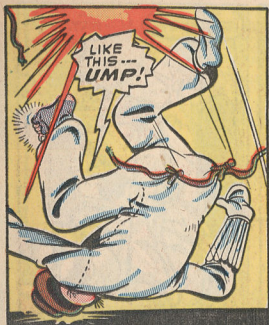
POLICE COMICS

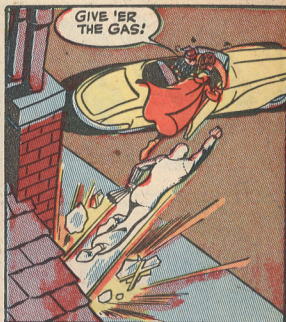


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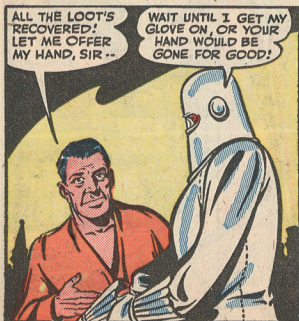
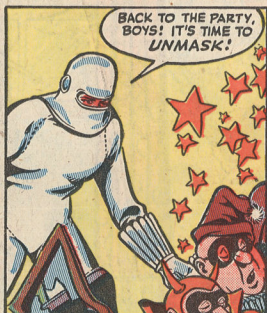


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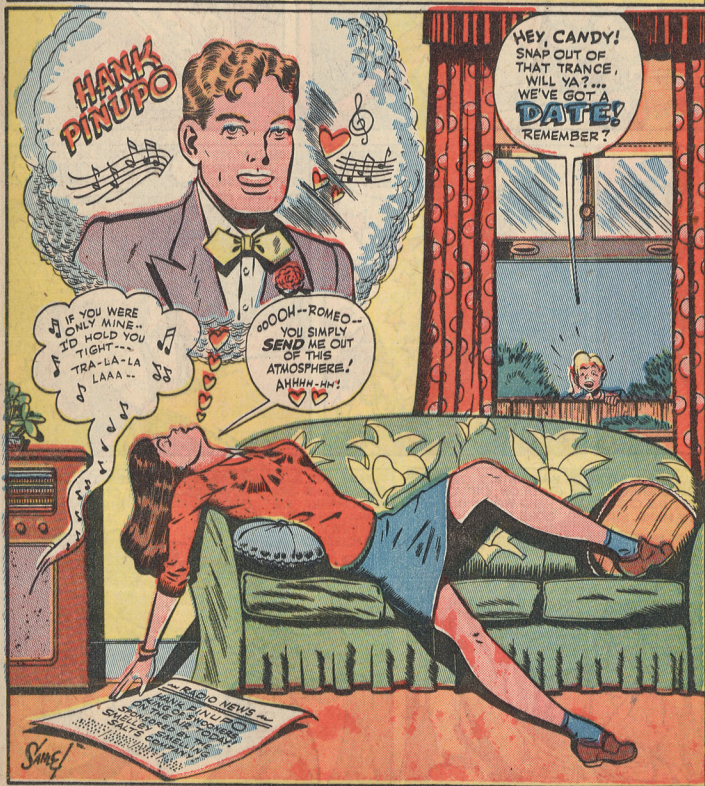




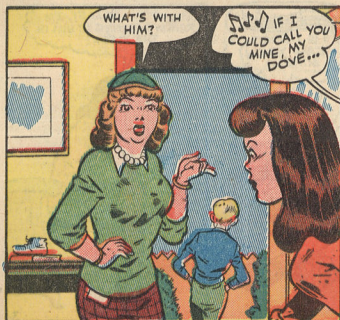
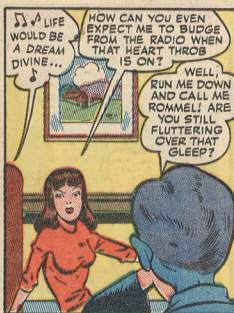
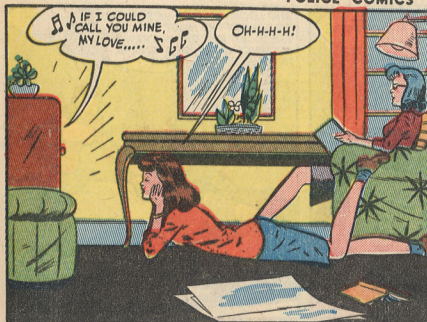
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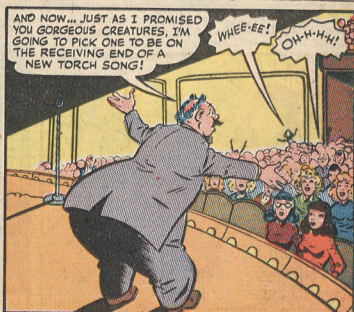
CANDY



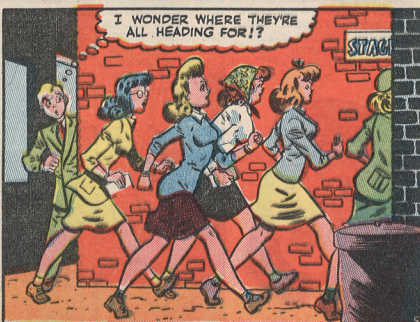
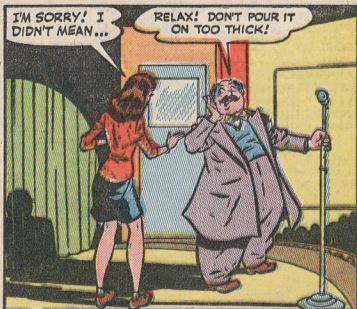
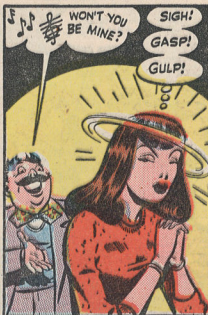
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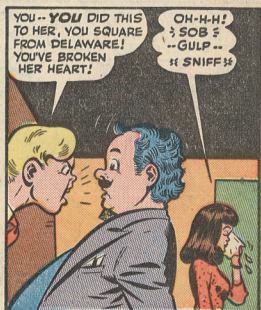
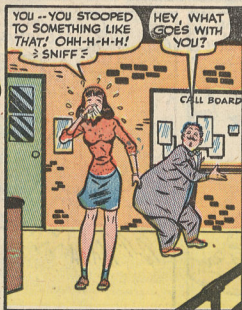
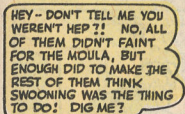
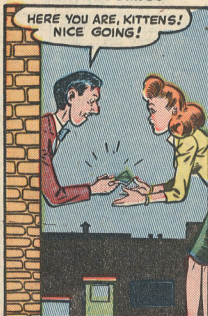
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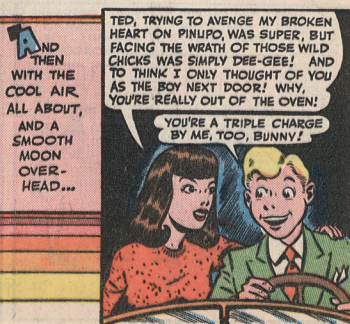
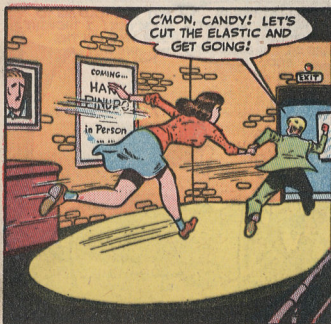
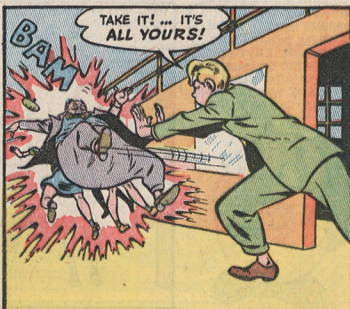
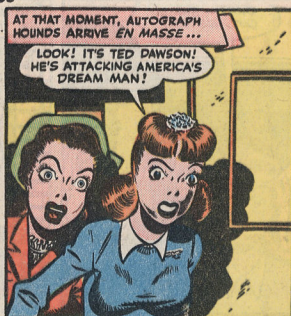
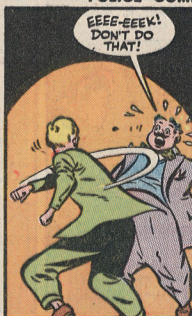
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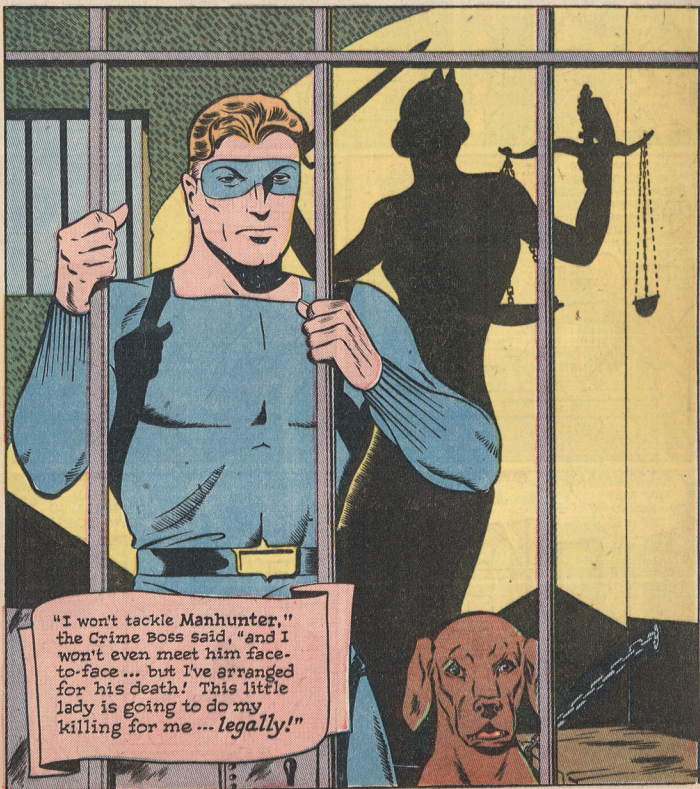
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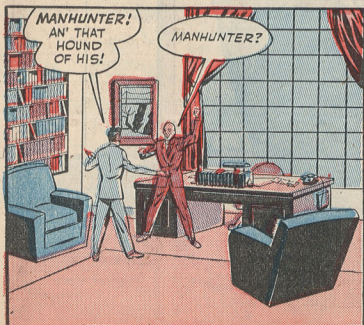
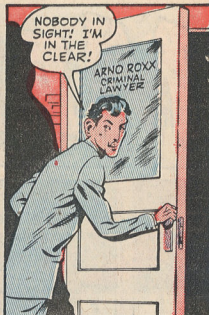


MANHUNTER

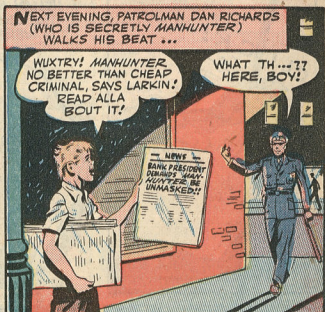
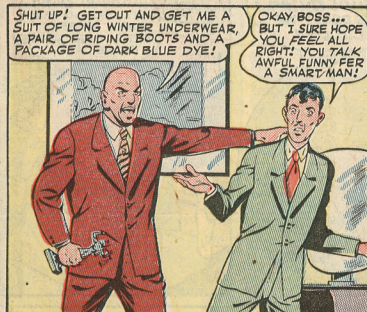


"I won't tackle Manhunter," the Crime Boss said, "and I won't even meet him face-to-face ... but I've arranged for his death! This little lady is going to do my killing for me ... *legally!*"

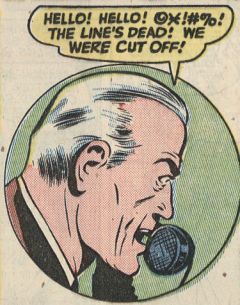
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS





POLICE COMICS

MOMENTS LATER...

THE KILLER MUST HAVE DRESSED LIKE ME TO FRAME ME! I'VE GOT TO SOLVE THIS FAST OR MY DAYS OF USEFULNESS ARE ENDED FOREVER!

GOOD DOG, THOR!... I KNEW YOU WERE NEAR!

WE'VE GOT TO START SOMEWHERE --AND THE LOGICAL PLACE IS THE SCENE OF THE MURDER!

ARFF!

QUIET, THOR! THERE MAY BE A POLICE GUARD STILL ON DUTY!...

DON'T BOTHER TIPTOEING, MANHUNTER!

I HAD A HUNCH YOU MIGHT RETURN TO THE SCENE OF YOUR CRIME!

TRAPPED!

CAREFUL, BOYS! YOU KNOW WHAT A CYCLONE HE IS WHEN HE GETS GOING!... AND WATCH OUT FOR THAT DOG!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, BOYS! ... I WON'T RAISE A HAND AGAINST THE LAW! AND NEITHER WILL THOR!

I SUPPOSE THERE'S NO USE TELLING YOU I'M INNOCENT!

WHEN I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES? DON'T BE A SAP AS WELL AS A KILLER, MANHUNTER!

WAIT, YOU SAY YOU SAW SOMEBODY DRESSED LIKE ME! DID THAT PERSON WEAR GLOVES?

WHY, NO! I'M POSITIVE HE DIDN'T--OR YOU DIDN'T!

THEN A PARAFFIN TEST OF MY HANDS WILL **PROVE** I HAVEN'T SHOT A GUN! MEANWHILE, I DEMAND YOU LEAVE MY MASK ON!

WEL-L-L! I GUESS WE CAN WAIT THAT LONG TO REVEAL YOUR IDENTITY! ... AFTER ALL, YOU HAVE HELPED US PLENTY IN THE PAST!

POLICE COMICS



WHAT A MESS! MAYBE I CAN CLEAR MYSELF--BUT MEANWHILE WHAT ABOUT DAN RICHARDS? WHEN HE TURNS UP MISSING, THEY'LL GUESS WHO I AM...



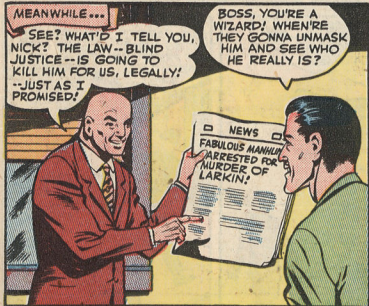
WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!--AND YOU CAN HELP ME, THOR! IF ONLY THESE WINDOW BARS ARE FAR ENOUGH APART...

ARFF! ARFF!



GOOD BOY, THOR! I HOPE YOU UNDERSTOOD EVERYTHING I TOLD YOU!

WOOF!



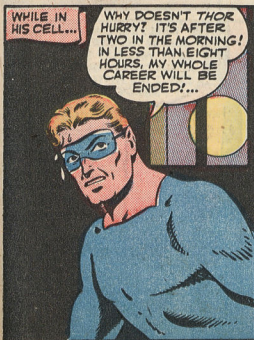
MEANWHILE...

SEE? WHAT'D I TELL YOU, NICK? THE LAW--BLIND JUSTICE--IS GOING TO KILL HIM FOR US, LEGALLY! --JUST AS I PROMISED!

BOSS, YOU'RE A WIZARD! WHEN'RE THEY GONNA UNMASK HIM AND SEE WHO HE REALLY IS?



IT SAYS TOMORROW MORNING AT TEN! THE MAYOR AND A BUNCH OF NEWSPAPER GUYS ARE GONNA WITNESS THE UNMASKING!



WHILE IN HIS CELL...

WHY DOESN'T THOR HURRY? IT'S AFTER TWO IN THE MORNING! IN LESS THAN EIGHT HOURS, MY WHOLE CAREER WILL BE ENDED!...



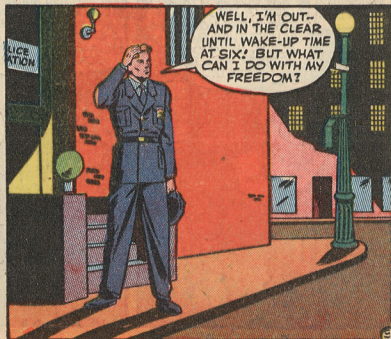
THOR! YOU MADE IT!--AND BROUGHT THE UNIFORM I LEFT IN THE ALLEY WHEN I CHANGED FROM DAN RICHARDS TO MANHUNTER! GOOD FELLOW!



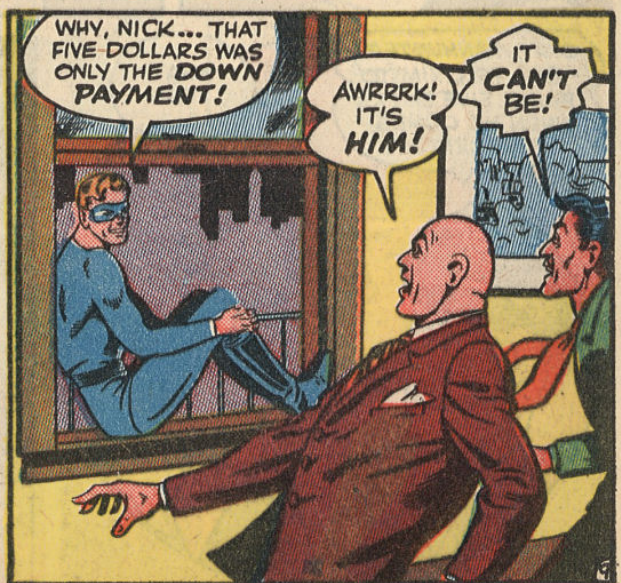
THIS IS A SLIM GAMBLE BUT MY ONLY CHANCE! YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY HERE, THOR! --TO KEEP UP THE PRETENSE!

OWROOOR!

POLICE COMICS



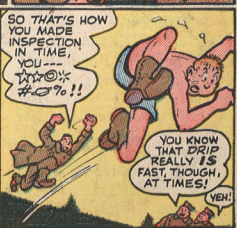
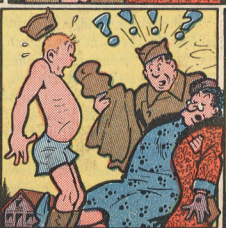
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



DEWEY DRIP



TABU ISLAND

JIM CORLISS watched the island grow larger from the prow of the little packet. It assumed different shapes as the miles became fewer and fewer. But the haze of the Gulf of Mexico is tricky; one has to watch his step or he'll imagine all sorts of things.

Tabu Island. Sounded like a fine place to spend a few days fishing. Jim had been told that the fishing off Tabu was unexcelled. That's what he wanted, to get away from everything for a while. Just play under a nice warm sun. Now, with a few fish biting. . . . Well, he'd picked the right locale for nice warm sun, he reasoned. Now, with a few fish biting. . . .

It was nearly dusk when the panting little boat drew up at the rotting planking wharf and Jim uncoiled his long length from the rickety deck chair and made for the gang-plank. Two colored boys carried his luggage down.

The sign, RIGGS' HOTEL, a hundred yards from the wharf made Jim laugh suddenly. For this was really a place! It was the only hotel on the island, and a friend had told Jim that old Joe Riggs put out good food and owned most of the fishing boats. So to the Riggs Jim headed, the colored boys grunting behind him.

Old Joe was typical of the region, a real salt-spattered old chap from Georgia, who had lived on the island, he hurriedly told Jim, for 35 years.

"You must know its history pretty well then," Jim said. "They tell me Tabu has quite a history. That right?"

"Mistah, effen you ain't nevah heered 'bout Tabu afore you-all got somethin' comin'!" said the old coot. "This here islan' got more hist'ry than all th' hist'ry books put together!"

I'm not interested, Jim told himself. I don't want to hear anything about anyone or any place.

(It should be mentioned here that while all our readers know that Dick Mace is a famous criminologist who is not interested at any time in small cases, his appearance in this story was quite a matter of accident. This episode in his career happened many months ago, but only now can it be revealed.)

Isn't it astonishing how information is vouchsafed although one never asks for it? Jim thought of that as old Joe squared off in a big chair and began the story of Tabu Island. Jim could see that he was in for it, regardless, so he composed himself as best he could.

The earliest history of Tabu is lost in the dim wraiths of the past. It seems it had once been the watering stop for buccaneers. Kidd had often stopped there. And La Fitte. And Teach. And even Morgan. It was said that the haunted sands of the beach even hid buried treasure from the ancient pirates, but no one had ever found any of the loot.

Later, Napoleon had stopped

there to take on water from the great bubbling spring for which the isle was noted

Many a gulf storm had buffeted the little isle. It was not large—12 miles long by about half that in width. More than two-thirds of its surface was covered by a dense jungle of live oaks, from which ghostly festoons of Spanish moss hung and swayed in the breezes.

Sometime in the early 20th century it had been discovered that the waters around Tabu, while heavily shark-infested, were also plentifully supplied with good fish, and so a few men moved with their families from the mainland of Georgia to settle there and glean riches from the nets.

Among these had been old Joe Riggs, who had early decided that the little fishing paradise would become a magnet for sportsmen. So he had built his hotel. At first, he had plenty of business. But then something happened—this was about 1918—and no one ever came after that for a decade. It seems that several Florida fishermen had gone into the jungle on the island's interior and never returned.

For a time this mystery was bandied about in the papers. There was an investigation, of course, but nothing was ever discovered of the lost men. The place naturally became tabu—hence its name.

Once in a while, however, old Joe explained, someone came out for a spot of fishing, just as Jim was now doing.

POLICE COMICS

Jim said that he would like to get in a few licks first thing in the morning.

"Yah suh," replied old Joe. "I'll have Cully with a boat for yuh 'bout six."

Jim had a good night's sleep, dreamed of wild pirates, and was up at five and hovering, shivering, over a huge cup of Joe's black coffee and a stack of pancakes.

The fishing turned out badly. Cully said there was too much haze on the gulf.

At nine o'clock Jim was back on the wharf with a plan in his head to do a bit of exploring. Old Joe warned him against wandering far into the interior because, as he said, strange things went on in the deep woods.

Asked what kind of things, Joe was evasive. Just—things. Wasn't healthy for a feller to travel far into the dark woods, that's all.

"Nuts!" said Jim. "Here I am down here. I don't get a nibble, so I'm going to see some of this mysterious island they call tabu." When he asked Cully if he would be willing to accompany him into the woods, the black's face turned ashes. No suh, not him!

Jim had Joe make him up several sandwiches and a thermos of coffee, then he set out.

Jim figured he had walked less than two miles through the dark trees and morass when he heard a shout. He stopped. The sound wasn't repeated, and he couldn't tell from which direction it came. Who could it be? He took several more steps, picking his way among the tangle of vines and sharp saw grass.

The high *spang* of the rifle

proclaimed it to be a modern weapon. The slug tore through the growth only a few inches above his head.

"What the devil!" muttered Jim, dropping down on a patch of grass. "Who's after my skin?"

* * *

The big power launch PEE-WEE slunk in to the wharf on Tabu Island and two deck hands tied her up fast. Dick Mace stepped off and walked to the Riggs' Hotel.

"Coffee?" he asked Joe.

When Joe had brought it, Dick said, "Been any strangers around here lately?" Dick flashed a badge on the old salt.

"Guy by name o' Corliss," Joe replied. And told Dick all about the young man. "One of them newspaper fellers," Joe enlarged. "Traipsed off into the woods this mornin'."

"Unhuh," said Dick laconically. He motioned to two men loitering on the wharf. "Come on," he said. "Bring rifles."

The two men came, and immediately the three set out on Jim's trail. It wasn't hard to follow. It carried on in a fairly straight line, which made Dick think that Jim Corliss knew something about trails.

Dick wondered as he plodded along the slimy trail if this would be the answer to the strange puzzle at last. Not less than a dozen islands in the gulf had been subjected to close scrutiny in the last few weeks. He was getting a little tired of island-hopping.

They ran into some mighty heavv going and the hours crawled on. It was twilight when they reached a terrible swamp. To go on or not. Dick decided to push on.

Long before they reached the edge of the woods they saw the light beginning low on the beach, and gradually flaring upward like a giant torch, only it was a flat torch, taking up at least an entire city block in area.

"There it is!" said Dick. "Silhouetted against such a light a whole convoy is easily spotted by those Nazi U-boats. Come on!"

So this is it, thought Dick. This is what we have been searching for so long. Well, we'll put an end to this dirty work! Who the devil is behind it, I wonder?

The flames, brilliantly white against the growing night, were leaping high now, lighting the sky for miles around. Dick decided that it would be impossible for anyone in old Joe's hotel to see this light, since the woods intervened.

They broke out on the beach and saw a man running. "Halt!" cried Dick. He dropped on one knee and brought up his rifle. Its roar shattered the night. The man fell, rolling over once. "Got him!" said Dick.

The man was dead. It was Jim Corliss. At least that was the name he traveled under. In reality it was Heinrich Haller, Nazi agent. He had been setting his calcium flares on every island in the gulf, using each one only once or twice, then skipping to another one. He had been running to a small boat drawn up on the beach. Dick pointed to the sub conning tower just dipping below the waves a half mile off shore. They had been waiting to pick up their man Haller. Well, they wouldn't!

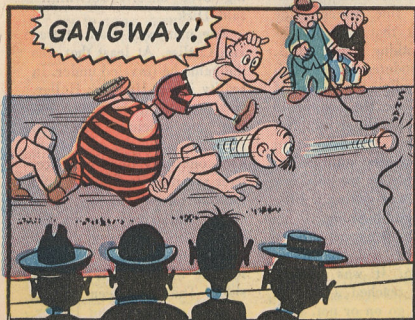
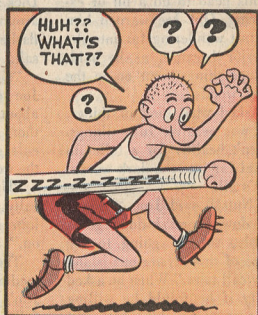
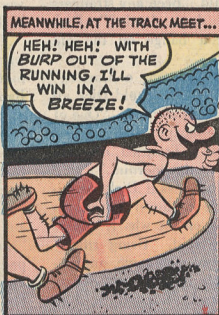
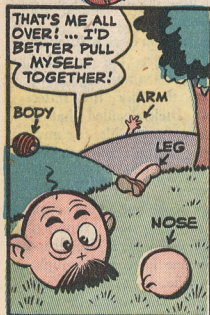
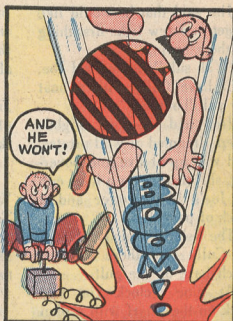
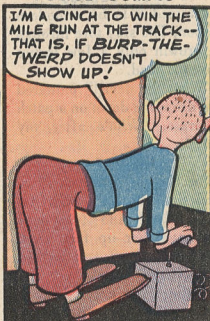
POLICE COMICS

BLURP THE TWERP

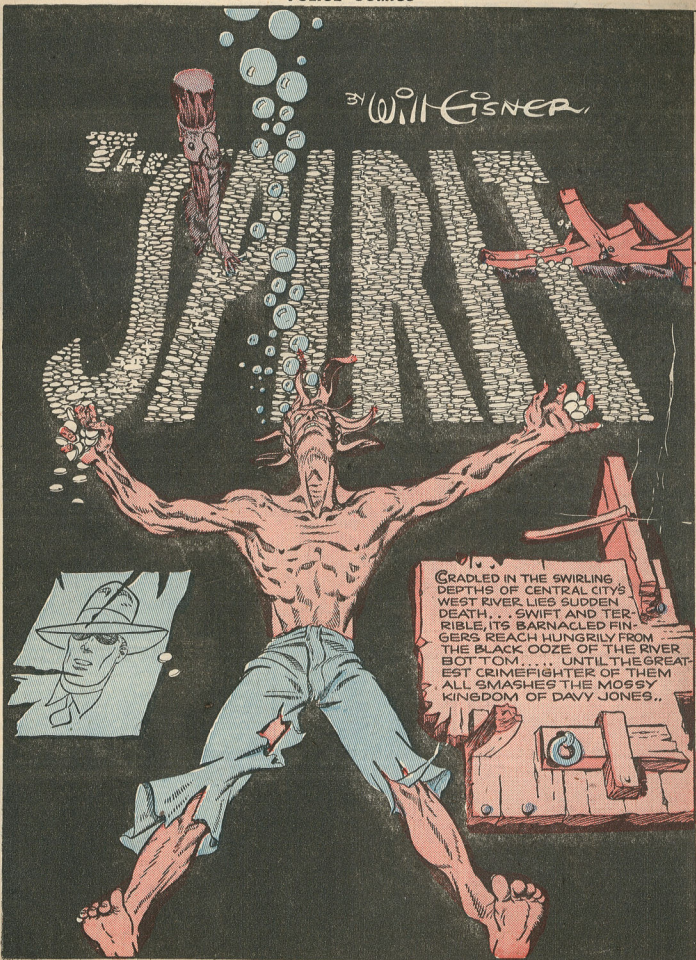
THE
SUPER
SO-AN-SO!

by

RALPH
JOHNS



BY WILL EISNER



CRADLED IN THE SWIRLING DEPTHS OF CENTRAL CITY'S WEST RIVER LIES SUDDEN DEATH... SWIFT AND TERRIBLE, ITS BARNACLED FINGERS REACH HUNGRILY FROM THE BLACK OOZE OF THE RIVER BOTTOM.... UNTIL THE GREATEST CRIMEFIGHTER OF THEM ALL SMASHES THE MOSSY KINGDOM OF DAVY JONES..

POLICE COMICS



SULLEN, GRIMLY STOLID IS THE SANDHOG... BUILDER OF TUNNELS... THE HUMAN ANTS WHO BURROW HOLES UNDER THE RIVER THAT WE MAY DRIVE OUR CARS SWIFTLY THROUGH A SHINING TUNNEL TO A SATURDAY NIGHT DATE....

...YEAH... AN' WHAT THANKS DO WE GIT?...



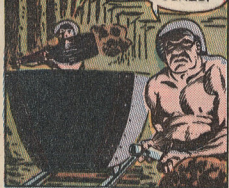
NONE... A YEAR FROM NOW SOME MAYOR IS GONNA CUT A HUNK O' RIBBON AN' CONGRATULATE HIMSELF ON HOW HE SPENT THE CITY'S DOUGH!

AW... WHY DON'CHA SHUT UP JONES... YOU'RE ALWAYS BEEFIN'!



AND WHY SHOULDN'T I? ALL MY LIFE I MUCKED UNDER THIS RIVER... WHAT'D I GET... A FEW BUCKS A WEEK AND A PAIR OF ROTTED LUNGS!! THIS RIVER OWES ME A LOT!!

YOU GOT ROCKS IN Y'IR HEAD, JONES!



NO, ROCKSALT... I GOT BRAINS IN MY HEAD... BRAINS!!!... AND PLANS TO GO WITH 'EM... YEAH, THIS RIVER IS GONNA PAY ME WHAT IT OWES!



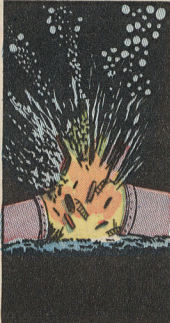
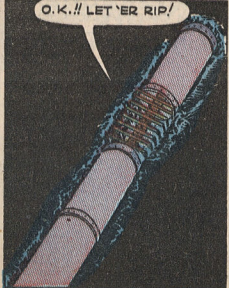
SEVERAL DAYS LATER.... IN THE GLOOM OF THE FRESHLY-CUT TUNNEL THE MIDNIGHT SHIFT SUDDENLY STOP THEIR DIGGING AND GATHER ABOUT DAVID JONES

EVERYTHING SET, BOYS?



QUICKLY THEY DON SPECIAL UNDERWATER SUITS....

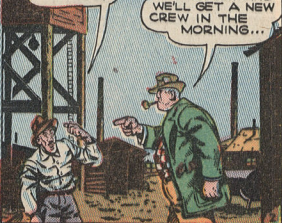
O.K.!! LET 'ER RIP!



ON THE RIVER'S SURFACE, LATER...

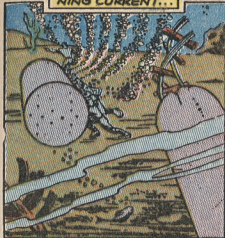
CHIEF! CHIEF!! AN EXPLOSION DOWN BELOW... CUT OFF THE WHOLE NEW SECTION! MIDNIGHT SHIFT WAS IN IT, TOO!

AYE... POOR LADS... NOTHING WE CAN DO TO SAVE 'EM.... CLOSE THE VALVES... AND WE'LL GET A NEW CREW IN THE MORNING...

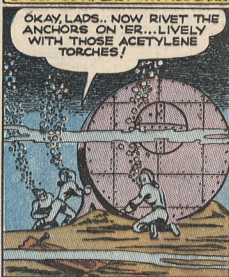


POLICE COMICS

BUT BENEATH THE RIVER AND STRAINING AGAINST THE SWIRLING CURRENT THE MEN OF THE MID-NIGHT WATCH WORK FRANTICALLY TO MOVE THE NEW SECTION OF TUNNEL INTO THE STRONG RUNNING CURRENT...



AT LAST THEY SUCCEED...SLUGGISHLY IT MOVES DOWNRIVER, TO BECOME EMBEDDED AT LAST IN A MUDBANK



OKAY LADS.. NOW RIVET THE ANCHORS ON 'ER...LIVELY WITH THOSE ACETYLENE TORCHES!

FEVERISHLY THEY WORK IN SHIFTS, UNTIL AT LAST A STRANGE UNDER-WATER SHELTER TAKES ITS PLACE.



IT'S COMPLETE...EVERYBODY INSIDE...BRING THE FOOD AND GUNS....

INSIDE THE PIECE OF METAL TUNNEL...



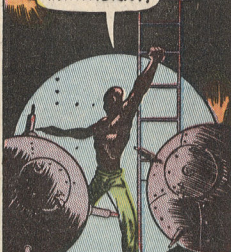
A PERFECT SET-UP, BOYS, EH?

YEP, DAVY!

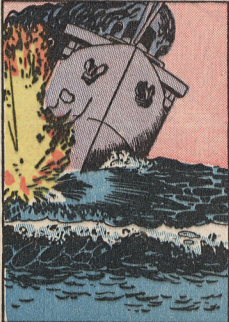
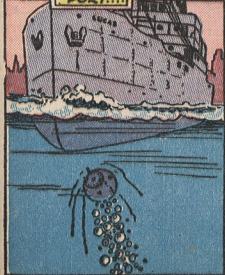


HAW! Y' MIGHT EVEN CALL IT DAVY JONES' LOCKER... EH, BOSS?

YEAH...THAT'S AN IDEA, TOO! NOW WE GOT WORK FOR US... GET THAT LIST OF SHIPS DUE IN... HURRY!



AND EXACTLY TWO WEEKS LATER... AS THE GOLD-LADEN SHIP LUCAS STEAMS UP RIVER INTO PORT....



A WEEK LATER... AT THE OFFICES OF HARVEY A. CHADWICK, SHIPPING MAGNATE...



I TELL YOU, H.P., IT'S FANTASTIC! THAT SHIP HAD 500 POUNDS OF GOLD BULLION... AND WHEN WE SALVAGED HER... IT WASN'T THERE! NO ONE WALKS OFF WITH 500 POUNDS OF METAL, UNDERWATER!

AND IT WAS A MINE THAT BLEW UP! MAYBE IT'S FOREIGN SABOTAGE !!

POLICE COMICS

BUT WEEK AFTER WEEK SHIPS MEET THEIR DOOM IN THE SAME MYSTERIOUS MANNER... IN THE OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER DOLAN....



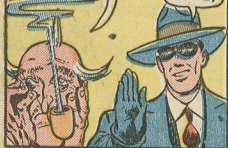
BY GRAY!!...THE F.B.I. IN THIS NOW...!! IF THEY CLEAR IT UP MY REPUTATION IS RUINED! I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST!



THE SPIRIT! YES...AS THE HERO IN THE MOVIES SAYS TO THE HEROINE...I AM JACK DALTON OF THE U.S. MARINES...I HAVE COME TO SAVE YOU!



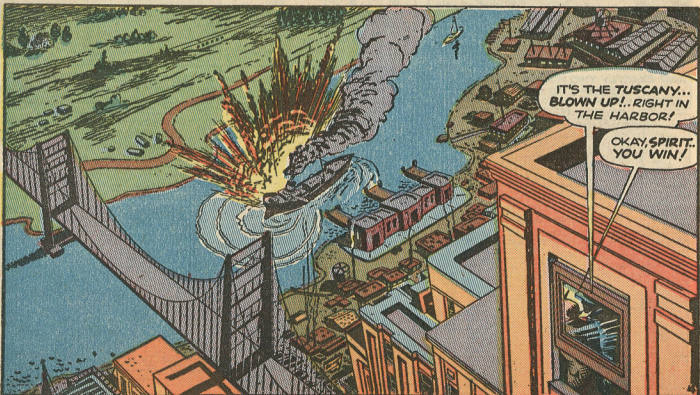
V.E.R.Y FUNNY! TO YOU, THIS IS JUST ANOTHER ADVENTURE...BUT, TO ME IT'S MY JOB AND REPUTATION!



NOW, I'LL WANT 5 MEN FROM THE SQUAD.. A BOAT.. AND DIVING EQUIPMENT, AND...



WAIT A MINUTE, DOLAN... IT'S 9 O'CLOCK.. THE GOLD-LADEN SHIP TUSCANY SHOULD NOW BE COMING IN FROM EUROPE..LET'S WATCH FROM THIS WINDOW...



POLICE COMICS

AT MIDNIGHT...JUST ABOVE THE SPOT WHERE THE ILL-FATED SHIP SANK, A POLICE CRUISER WALLOWS IN THE CHOPPY RIVER

GOOD LUCK, SPIRIT... THESE MEN DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT THEY'RE TOUGH AND WILL FOLLOW YOU!!

THANKS, DOLAN!

LIKE FANTASTIC VISITORS FROM ANOTHER WORLD, THEY DESCEND INTO THE THROBBING SILENCE OF THE RIVER BOTTOM...



LOOK!!

BELOW THEM IN A HOLLOW ALONGSIDE THE WRECK, MEN IN WEIRD UNDERWATER GEAR CARRY GOLD FROM THE SUNKEN SHIP TO THE STRANGE HIDEOUT OF DAVY JONES...



GET OUT YOUR GUNS, MEN!

ON THE SURFACE....

SPIRIT CALLING...WE'RE IN A FIGHT!!...LOOSEN THE LINES.. KEEP PUMPING AIR..DROP DEPTH BOMBS 500 FEET SOUTH OF WRECK...

O.K., KID,

AND WHILE POLICE BOATS SHIFT THEIR POSITIONS, A GRIM UNWORLDLY BATTLE TAKES PLACE BENEATH THE TURBULENT WATERS OF WEST RIVER....



IN THE LOCKER, DAVY JONES WATCHES THE STRUGGLE....

HA HA HA!!... THEY'RE NO MATCH FOR MY MEN!! HA HA HA!!



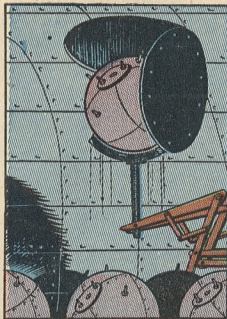
POLICE COMICS

ON THE SURFACE
A LAUNCH DROPS
A DEPTH CHARGE



BELOW

OH...THEY
WISH TO
FIGHT ME,
EH? WELL,
DAVY JONES
HAS A WAY
TO FIGHT
BACK!



ON BOARD THE POLICE BOAT...

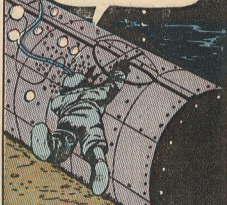
KEEP
PUMPING!

LOOK, MIST'
DOLAN SUH...THE
SPIRIT'S AIRLINE
DONE SNAPPED!

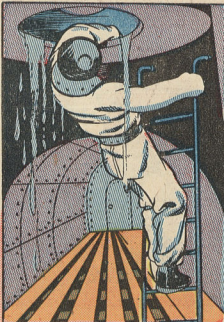
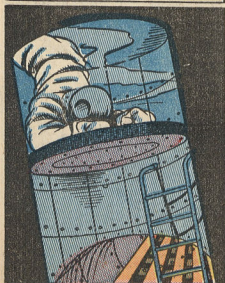


FAR BELOW, THE SPIRIT MADLY
STRUGGLES TOWARD DAVY
JONES' LOCKER.... HIS LUNGS
ALMOST BURSTING FOR LACK OF
AIR....

AN...AIRLOCK....GOT...
TO...M-MAKE...IT...



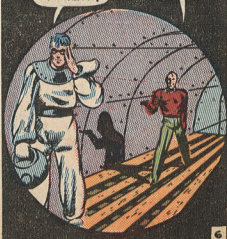
WITH A SUPERHUMAN EFFORT
THE SPIRIT PAINFULLY HOISTS
HIMSELF INTO THE HATCH....



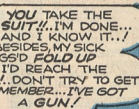
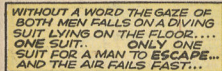
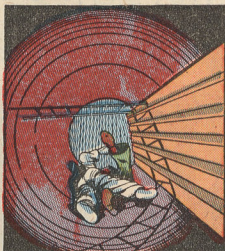
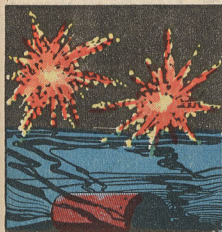
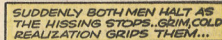
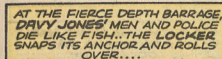
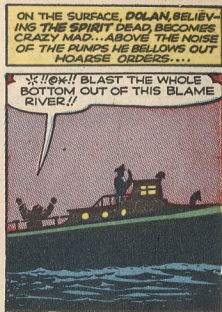
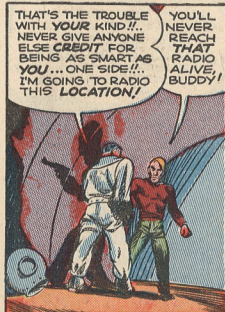
AT LAST HE DROPS INSIDE...TO
SAFETY...

WHEW!! SAFE!!
THOUGHT I WAS
A GONER THAT
TIME...!

DON'T BE
TOO SURE,
PAL!



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

IN THE LOCKER ROOM BELOW
DAVY JONES TURNS HIS PISTOL
ON HIMSELF....

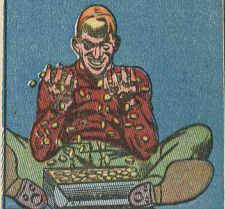
EMPTY!! HA HA HA!!
THAT'S A LAUGH..I
CAN'T EVEN COMMIT
SUICIDE!! GOTTA
SIT HERE AND..WAIT.



AH!!.. MY MONEY! HEH HEH.. A
MILLION BUCKS.. AND ALL
MINE!... AND I MADE IT ALL
IN EIGHT WEEKS..HA..HA!!
SOME OF THOSE SUCKERS UP
THERE WORK ALL THEIR LIVES
AND DON'T EVEN MAKE HALF
OF THIS!



YEAH...S..SUCKERS!! I'M NOT
AFRAID TO DIE...HEH..HEH!!
A SHORT LIFE BUT A SWEET
ONE . I ALWAYS SAY!



A BLAST...THE LOCKER ROCKS
FROM THE IMPACT OF A BOMB...
THE AIR IS SWIFTLY BECOMING
FOUL WITH CARBON DIOXIDE...
HIS EARS THROB... HIS HEART
POUNDS....

THEY'RE GETTIN' THE RANGE!
I'M RICH! THE RICHEST
SANDOS IN THE....
CHAAAA..



SUDDENLY HE RISES
FEEBLY....

NO..I DON'T WANT
TO DIE../ I DON'T
WANT MY MONEY
NOW... NO/NO/
WAIT!



BUT THE POLICE
HAVE FOUND THE
RANGE.. DEPTH
BOMBS RAIN...
THE LOCKER
SHATTERS..AND
DOWNRIVER
ARE SWEEP THE
FRAGMENTS OF
DAVY JONES'
KINGDOM...



ON THE SURFACE....THE
SPIRIT POPS OUT OF THE
WATER AND CLIMBS VERY
WEARILY INTO A ROWBOAT

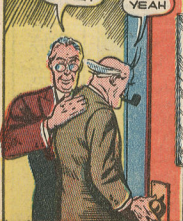
G-GLORY BE! OHHH..
SPIRIT BOSS! GOLLY..
WE THOUGHT YO' WAS
DAID!



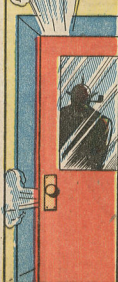
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.
DOLAN, STILL THINKING
THE SPIRIT DEAD, SULKS.

WONDERFUL, DOLAN!
WE BEAT THOSE
FEDERAL GUYS TO THE
SOLUTION THIS
TIME!

YEAH



SLAM!!



NOW I WONDER
WHAT'S
EATIN'
HIM?.. ACTS LIKE
HE LOST HIS
BEST FRIEND!



BUT AT WILDWOOD CEMETERY..

SO THAT'S HOW
YO' ESCAPE
THAT DAVY
JONES WASN'T
SECH A BAD
GUY AT THAT!

NO.. AND
YOU'LL FIND
THAT NEARLY
EVERYONE
HAS A GOOD
STREAK SOME-
WHERE IN HIS
MAKE-UP!





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